

*Macb.* The Table's full.

*Lenox.* Heere is a place referu'd Sir,

*Macb.* Where?

*Lenox.* Heere my good Lord.  
What is't that moues your Highnesse?

*Macb.* Which of you haue done this?

*Lords.* What, my good Lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake  
Thy goary lockes at me.

*Rosse.* Gentleman rise, his Highnesse is not well.

*Lady.* Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus.

And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,

The fit is momentary, vpon a thought

He will againe be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion.

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

*Macb.* I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that

Which might appall the Diuell.

*La.* O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawn Dagger which you said

Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts

(Impostors to iustice feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a stooke.

*Macb.* Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too?

If Charnell houles, and our Graues must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kytles.

*La.* What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

*Macb.* If I stand heere, I saw him.

*La.* Fie for shame.

*Macb.* Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murder is.

*La.* My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

*Macb.* I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

*Enter Ghost.*

I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th' whole Table,

And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

*La.* Thinke of this good Peeres

But as a thing of Custome: Tis no other,

Onely it spoiles the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues

Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliuie againe,

And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee

The Baby of a Gille. Hence horrible shadow,

Vnrecall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

*La.* You haue displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,

And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,

Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

*Rosse.* What sights, my Lord?

*La.* I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrageth him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not vpon the order of your going,

But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health

Attend his Maiesty.

*La.* A kinde goodnight to all.

*Macb.* It will haue blood they say:

Blood will haue Blood:

Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

*La.* Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person

At our great bidding.

*La.* Did you send to him Sir?

*Macb.* I heere it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way. I am in blood

Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

*La.* You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

*Macb.* Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:

We are yet but yong indeed.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting  
*Hecate.*

1. Why how now *Hecate*, you looke angerly?

*Hec.* Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?

Sawey, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

*And*

And I the Mistis of your Charmes,

The close contriuer of all harmer,

Was neuer call'd to beare my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you haue done

Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)

Loues for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gon,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destinie.

Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,

Your Charmes, and every thing beside;

I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend

Vnto a dismall, and a Patall end.

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.

Vpon the Corner of the Moone

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

Ile catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by Magicke sights,

Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare

Hishopes' boue Wisdome, Grace, and Feare:

And you all know, Security

Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

*Musicke, and a Song.*

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see

Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.

*Sing within.* Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make hast, thec'l soone be

Backe againe.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*

*Lenox.* My former Speeches,

Haue but hit your Thoughts

Which can interpret farther: Onely I say

Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*

Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:

And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,

Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,

For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*

To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,

How it did greue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight

In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,

That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?

Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:

For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue

To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,

That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,

(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde

What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.

But peace; for from broad words, and cause he say'd

His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare

*Macduffe* liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

*Lord.* The Sonnes of *Duncane*

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)

Liues in the English Court, and is recey'd

Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,

That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing

Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*

Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd

To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,

That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)

To ratifie the Worke) we may againe

Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:

Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;

Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,

All which we pine for now. And this report

Hath so exasperate their King, that hee

Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

*Len.* Sent he to *Macduffe*?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I

The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,

And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time

That clogges me with this Answer.

*Lenox.* And that well might

Adiuse him to a Caution, t hold what distance

His wisdome can prouide. Some holy Angell

Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold

His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soone returne to this our suffering Country,

Vnder a hand accus'd.

*Lord.* Ile send my Prayers with him.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.

3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,

1. Round about the Caldron go:

In the poyson'd Entrailles throw

Toad, that vnder cold stone,

Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:

Sweltred Venom sleeping got,

Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double, toyle and trouble;

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boyle and bake:

Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,

Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:

Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,

Lizards legge, and Howlers wing:

For a Charme of powrefull trouble,

Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

*All.* Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,

Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe

Of the raui'd salt Sea Sharke:

Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:

Liuor of Blaspheeming Iew,

Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,

Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

*Not*